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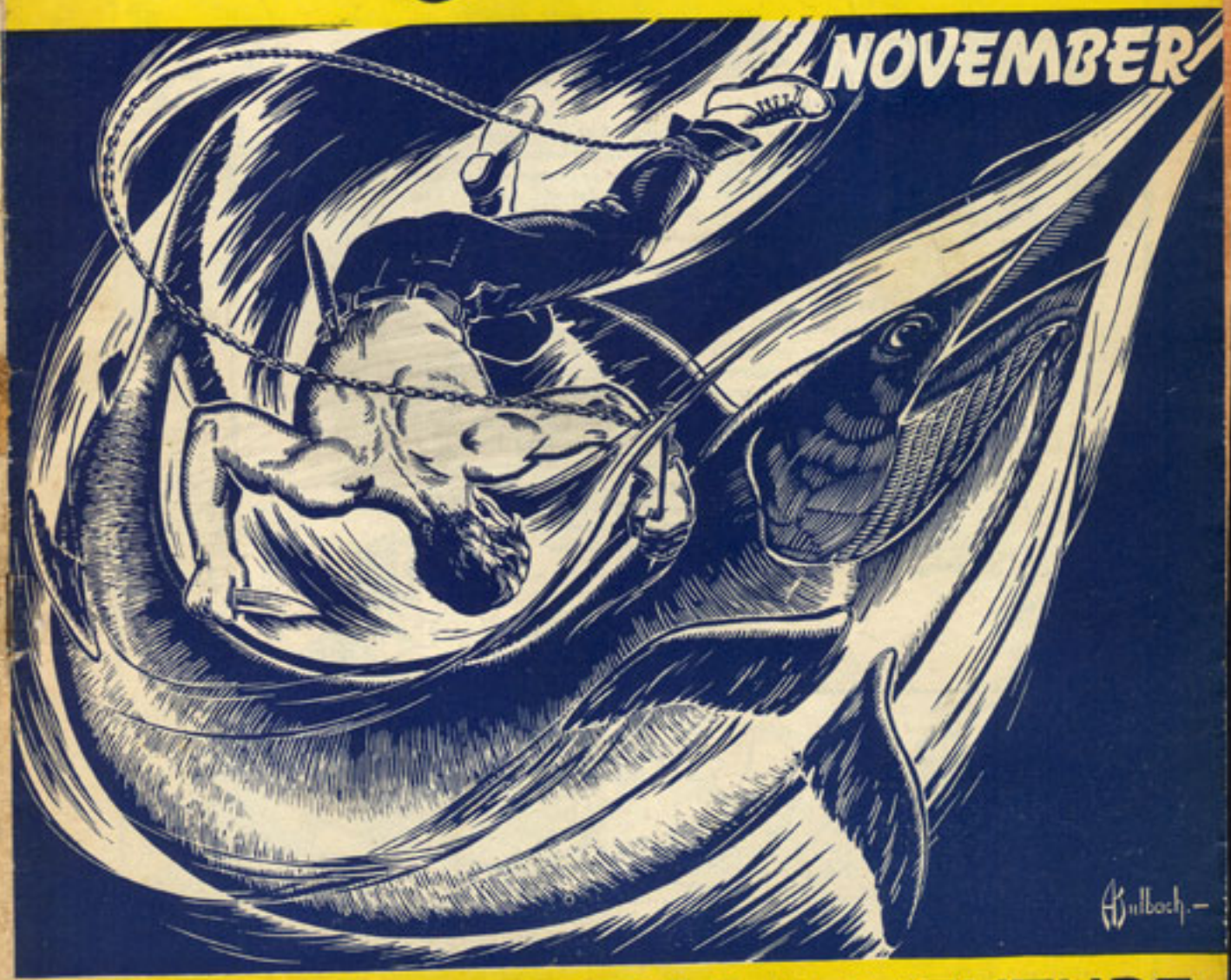

FUN-MYSTERY-ADVENTURE

Vol. I No. 4
NOVEMBER
1941

Dear Readers:

We take great pleasure in presenting to you a youthful writer, Fred Butland, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, who has suggested a plot for our dynamic detective story written by Pat C.

The writer of the adventures of Chip Malloy felt that the story written by Fred Butland, who is only thirteen years of age, had merit. We are sure you will all agree that it is very exciting and jam packed with adventure. Do not miss it!

We have been informed by our youthful contributor that his hobbies are cartooning and writing. A good hobby is sometimes the stepping stone to a career, and we suggest that our readers cultivate some sort of a hobby. Many boys and girls who have used their spare time profitably have made their hobby a career.

Congratulations to Fred on his initiative and his splendid story. We want our many readers to feel that TRIUMPH-ADVENTURE-COMICS is their very own. Should you have a story which you think good enough to print, send it to us. We also want you to feel free at any time to send us suggestions and criticisms, so that we can build our publication to suit our many readers.

Turn to page 11 and read our announcement of the winners of "The Pen Will Again Be Mightier Than The Sword" letter contest. We want to thank all the contestants for their many splendid letters forwarded to us. Wishing you all success in your school salvage campaigns, and with the hope that every Canadian boy and girl is assisting their local War Service Committee, in preparation for the coming triumph over Hitlerism, we are

Yours for TRIUMPH,

The Editor

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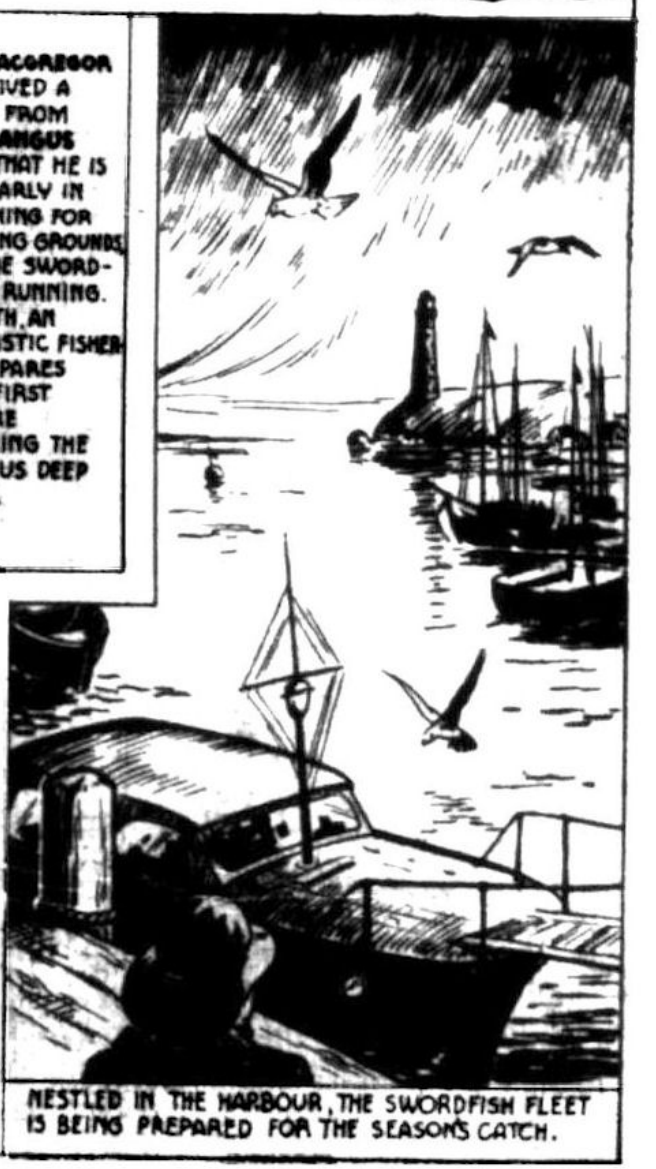
STORY BY - GLEN GUEST.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY - A.L. ALEXANDER.

AT HOME, DEREK BUSILY PACKS HIS FISHING-TOOS.

DEREK MACGREGOR HAS RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM CAPTAIN ANGUS TRITES THAT HE IS LEAVING EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS WHERE THE SWORD-FISH ARE RUNNING. THE YOUTH, AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHER-MAN, PREPARES FOR HIS FIRST ADVENTURE HARPOONING THE DANGEROUS DEEP SEA FISH.

SWORDFISH PLAY IN THE ATLANTIC.



NESTLED IN THE HARBOUR, THE SWORDFISH FLEET IS BEING PREPARED FOR THE SEASON'S CATCH.

STOW THOSE CASKS SAFELY, LADDIE!
THE CAPTAIN SUPERVISES THE LOADING OF THE FISHING GEAR.
FEARING THAT HE WILL BE TOO LATE, DEREK RUNS TO THE WHARF.
IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE WITH YOU, CAPTAIN ANGUS.
I AM GLAD YOU RECEIVED MY MESSAGE IN TIME, MY SON!
THE CAPTAIN WELCOMES DEREK ON BOARD THE SILVERQUEEN.
EARLY MORNING SEES THE SILVERQUEEN SLIP FROM ITS DOCK, BOUND FOR THE FISHING GROUNDS.
THE HARPOON HEAD IS RAZOR SHARP, SIR!
THAT'S THE BOY DEREK. THE SPEAR MUST PENETRATE DEEP, OR THE FISH WILL GET AWAY.
AS THE SILVERQUEEN REACHES THE OPEN ATLANTIC, THE SWORDFISH ARE SEEN BREAKING WATER.

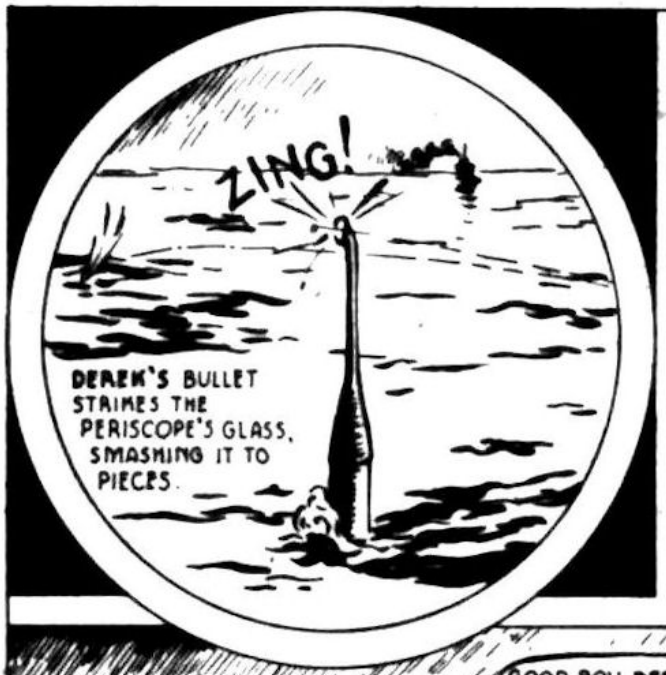
STANDING ON THE HARPOONING PLATFORM OF THE BOAT'S PROW, DEREK WATCHES THE SWORDFISH FROLIC.
THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
SUDDENLY A FIN BREAKS WATER AND DEREK HURLS HIS HEAVY HARPOON.
GOOD LUCK, MY LADS!
DEREK AND HIS FRIEND JOHN TRITES, SON OF THE CAPTAIN, TAKE THE BOAT'S DORY TO TRY AND CAPTURE THE HARPOONED FISH.
THE TWO BOYS ROW OUT TO THE FLOATING CASK, WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE HARPOON LINE.
THE IMPALED SWORD FISH LEAPS HIGH OUT OF THE OCEAN IN IT'S FURY TO ESCAPE.

HE'S COMING UP, THE LINE HAS SLACKENED - WATCH OUT!
GIVE HIM THE OAR, DEREK, WHEN HE BREAKS WATER-
FROM THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS, THE WOUNDED FISH RUSHES TO THE SURFACE.
WHAT THE-!
THE BIG FISH, IN A FURIOUS ASSAULT, PLUNGES HIS LONG SWORD INTO THE DORY, TIPPING IT - CAUSING THE TWO BOYS TO TAKE AN UNEXPECTED DIP.
RIGHTING THE DORY - THE LADS FIND THAT THE MONSTER HAS HURLED HIMSELF A QUARTER WAY THROUGH.
THAT WAS SOME FUN, CAPTAIN ANGUS!
GOLLY, WE CERTAINLY CAUGHT THE FISH, BUT BOY ON BOY, HE HAD THE LAST LAUGH!
CAPTAIN ANGUS RUSHES TO THEIR ASSISTANCE AND PICKS UP THE DISABLED DORY WITH THE TWO LADS PRECARIOUSLY PERCHED ON ITS SIDE.

THE SILVERQUEEN, WITH THE DISABLED DORY IN TOW, HEADS FOR HARBOUR.
GREAT GUNS - I AM SURE THAT'S AN OUTLINE OF A SUBMARINE!
APPROACHING THE SHORE JOHN SEES A SHIMMERING SHAPE UNDER WATER.
WITH POWERFUL BINOCULARS DEREK LOCATES THE DREADED STEEL MONSTER OUTLINED IN THE CLEAR WATER.
DAD! AN ENEMY SUB IS OFF OUR PORT BOW!
GOOD HEAVENS! I'LL NOTIFY THE COASTAL PATROL IMMEDIATELY BY WIRELESS.
YOUNG JOHN HURRIEDLY NOTIFIES HIS FATHER OF THE LURKING ENEMY SHIP.
S.O.S.-S.O.S.- SUBMARINE NEAR LUNDY'S HEAD - COME AT ONCE - WILL FOLLOW ENEMY-
WITH ENGINES STOPPED, SO THAT THE SUBMARINE CANNOT HEAR THEM, THE OLD CAPTAIN BRINGS HIS WIRELESS INTO PLAY.

THIS MIGHT COME IN HANDY!
SPRINGING UP FROM THE WIRELESS KEY, CAPTAIN ANGUS TAKES OUT HIS OLD RIFLE FROM THE LOCKER—
OH-OH, THAT GERMAN SUBMARINE IS A LONG WAY FROM HOME — NOW FOR SOME ACTION!
IN A CANADIAN CORVETTE'S RADIO ROOM, THE CALL FROM THE FISHING BOAT FLOODS THE ETHER WAVES AND THE OPERATOR SCRIBBLES DOWN THE MESSAGE.
THE CORVETTE COMMANDER READS THE CRYPTIC RADIO MESSAGE.
ACTION STATIONS! FULL SPEED AHEAD!
HERE'S A PRESENT FOR A HUN!
WE'LL GET THE JERRY THIS TIME!
THE DEPTH-CHARGE THROWERS ARE MADE READY AND THE CREW STAND AT BATTLE STATIONS.
THE SPEEDY LITTLE CANADIAN WARSHIP, WITH THE ALERTNESS OF A WOLF, CUTS THE OCEAN WAVES, AS IT RUSHES TO LUNDY'S HEAD.

MEANWHILE –
THE OLD CAPTAIN DISCUSSES A PLAN OF ACTION.
TAKE THIS RIFLE, SON, AND USE IT PROPERLY – YOUR MARKSMANSHIP HAS ALWAYS BEEN GOOD.
I'LL TRY TO DO MY BEST, SIR!
HE'S SURFACING, READY DEREK –
READY, SIR!
ON BOARD THE SILVERQUEEN, A CONSTANT WATCH IS BEING KEPT.
LANGSAM AUFTAUCHEN (SURFACE – SLOWLY)!
IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE HUN'S SUBMARINE, THE GERMAN COMMANDER GIVES THE ORDER TO SURFACE.
SLOWLY A SHADOW APPEARS UNDER THE SURFACE, AS THE U-BOAT GROWS IN SIZE, THE PERISCOPE EMERGES FROM THE WATER. THE THREE FISHERMEN STAND TENSE AS THEIR BINOCULARS PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE DEATH – DEALING UNDERSEA-BOAT.
WHAT THE CAPTAIN SEES THROUGH THE TELE-SCOPE.
THERE'S THE PERISCOPE BREAKING WATER!
OVER THERE! IT IS COMING TO THE SURFACE!
I SEE –
WITH STEADY NERVES, DEREK, TAKES CAREFUL AIM AT THE SUBMARINE'S "SEEING EYE".



BELOW IN THE SUBMARINE CONTROL ROOM, THE AMAZED OFFICER ORDERS HIS CRAFT TO SUBMERGE.

THE U-BOAT PERISCOPE DROPS FROM SIGHT. THE YOUTH IS SURPRISED AT HIS GOOD FORTUNE.

THE CAPTAIN'S GLASS PICKS UP THE CORVETTE AS IT SPEEDS TO THE SPOT INDICATED BY HIS WIRELESS MESSAGE.

ONCE AGAIN OLD CAPTAIN ANGUS USES HIS WIRELESS AND TAPS OUT A MESSAGE TO THE APPROACHING WAR SHIP.

THE GUN-CREW MAN THE FOUR-INCH GUN, READY FOR ACTION- WHILE THE LOOK-OUT SCANS THE OCEAN FOR THE ENEMY SUBMARINE.

THE SPEEDY LITTLE CORVETTE DROPS DEPTH-CHARGES INTO THE SEA, WHERE THE PROWLING ENEMY WAS LAST SEEN BY THE FISHERMEN.

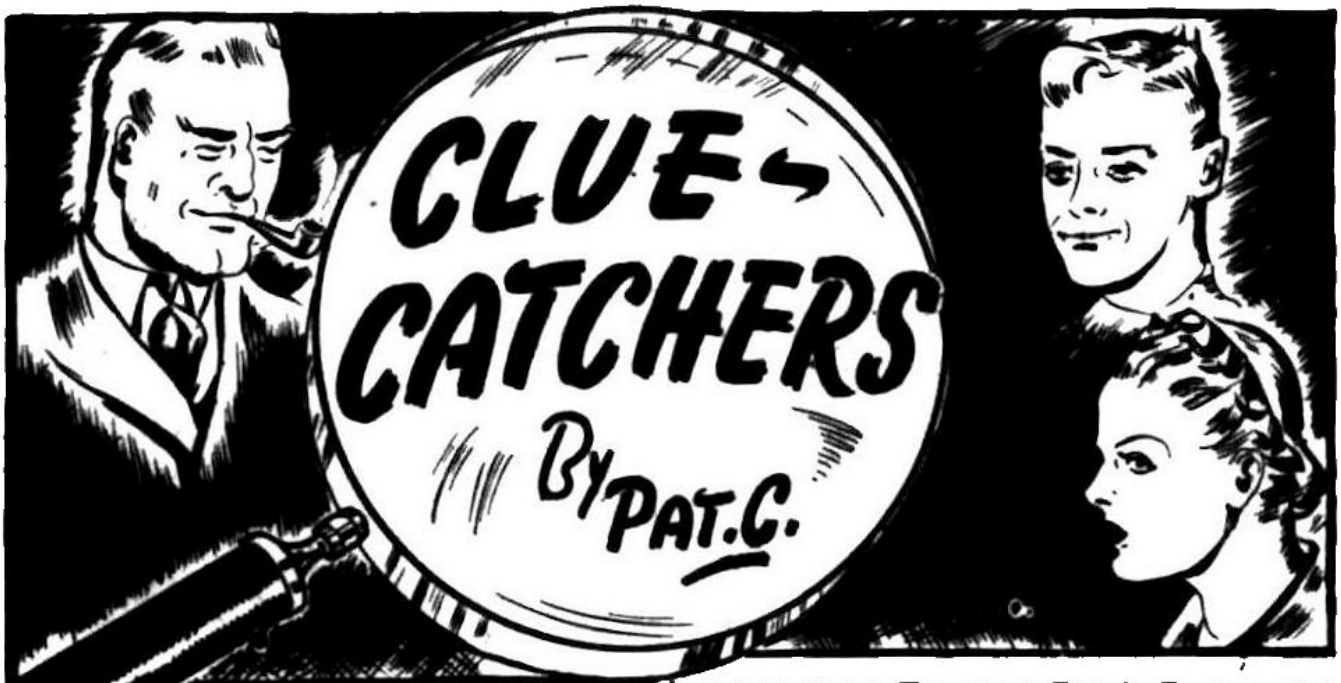
THE DEPTH-CHARGE DROPS SQUARELY, AND THE NAZI SUBMARINE IS BADLY ROCKED BY THE EXPLOSION.

THE NAZI COMMANDER, WITH A HORRIFIED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE, YELLS ORDERS AS THE EXPLODING DEPTH-CHARGE RENDS THE SEAMS OF HIS BOAT.

WELL, THAT PATCH OF FOAM AND OIL MAKES THINGS LOOK PROMISING. WE GOT THE HUN!
THROUGH HIS GLASSES, THE YOUNG COMMANDER OF THE CORVETTE, SEES THE TELL-TALE STREAKS OF OIL ON THE SURFACE.
THE BADLY DAMAGED UNDERSEA RAIDER TRIES TO RIDE OUT THE ATTACK, BUT ANOTHER EXPLODING DEPTH-CHARGE BRINGS HAVOC.
AUFTAUCHEN! SURFACE—GET READY TO ABANDON SHIP!
THE COMMANDER ORDERS HIS BOAT TO THE SURFACE—TO SAVE HIS CREW FROM CERTAIN DEATH.
THE BIG NAZI OCEAN-GOING RAIDER, SUDDENLY EMERGES FROM THE DEPTHS, NOT FAR FROM THE SILVERQUEEN.
HERE THEY COME UP THE CONNING TOWER!
REALIZING THE ENEMY SHIP IS IN DISTRESS, CAPTAIN TRITES AND HIS BOYS BRING THE SILVERQUEEN AROUND TO RESCUE THE SURVIVORS.

THE HUNS SCAMPER LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS TO THE DECK OF THE DISABLED CRAFT.
DEREK WITH HIS RIFLE COCKED AT THE READY - SEES THE NAZI CREW SWIM TOWARD THE SILVERQUEEN.
THAT'S THE BIGGEST FISH WE HAVE EVER CAUGHT - HURRAH!
THE MARAUDING RAIDER, IT'S DAYS OF DEPREDATION OVER, SLIPS BENEATH THE ATLANTIC WAVES FOREVER.
THE COMMANDER OF THE CORVETTE, ORDERS A BOAT LOWERED.
THE HUSKY CANADIAN SAILORS RESCUE THE STRICKEN ENEMY.

THE CORVETTE'S CREW COME ABOARD THE SILVERQUEEN AND RELEAVE THE FISHERMEN OF THEIR RESCUED NAZIS.
WELL DONE, SKIPPER!
THROUGH A MEGAPHONE, THE YOUNG CANADIAN COMMANDER CONGRATULATES THE SILVERQUEEN.
WITH THE NAZI CREW ALL SAFELY ABOARD, THE GALLANT LITTLE CORVETTE STARTS FOR HALIFAX. THE CREWS OF BOTH SHIPS WAVE FAREWELL.
THIS IS THE FINEST DAY OF MY LIFE - IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR FINE SHOOTING, DEREK IT MAY HAVE ENDED DIFFERENTLY. GOD BLESS THOSE FINE BOYS ON THE LITTLE CORVETTE. THOSE SHIPS HAVE A HORNET'S STING - A CREDIT TO THE CANADIAN SHIPBUILDERS!
YES, CAPTAIN ANGUS - IT WAS A FINE SIGHT. I HOPE THAT ONE OF THESE DAYS I WILL GET A CHANCE IN THIS WAR. THEY SAY I AM NOT OLD ENOUGH SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO WAIT.
YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR THIS DEREK, OLD BOY!
BOYS AND GIRLS
FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
DEREK OF BRAS D'OR
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
TRIUMPH



MURDER Rides the RAILS

DEAR READERS: I AM PLEASED TO TELL YOU THAT THE PLOT OF THIS STORY WAS SENT TO ME BY ONE OF THE READERS OF TRIUMPH ADVENTURE COMICS. HIS NAME IS FRED BUTLAND, AGED 13, OF FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK. THE EDITOR AND I BOTH FEEL THAT YOU WILL LIKE THIS "CLUE-CATCHER" IMMENSELY AND THAT YOUR ENJOYMENT WILL BE FURTHERED BY THE FACT THAT IT WAS WRITTEN BY A TEEN-AGE BOY... IF FRED CAN WRITE AN ORIGINAL STORY ACCEPTABLE TO US, THERE MUST BE OTHERS OF YOU THAT CAN DO THE SAME—AN EASY WAY TO EARN A LITTLE EXTRA FOR CHRISTMAS, TOO...

Sincerely - PAT. C.

CHIP AGREES AND PROCEEDS TOWARD THE DINER.
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WATCH WHERE YOU ARE GOING!

WATCH OUT YOURSELF! IT WAS YOUR FAULT!

THAT'S RIGHT LAD, AND I'M SORRY, BUT THAT MAN MAKES ME SEE RED! FORGET IT, WILL YOU?
SURE, THAT'S O.K.

SOME TIME LATER
GLAD YOU ENJOYED IT.
GEE. THANKS. THAT WAS A GOOD LUNCH.

THE STREAMLINER ROUNDS A SUDDEN SHARP BEND, CAUSING THE TRAIN TO LURCH SHARPLY TO ONE SIDE. CHIP IS FLUNG VIOLENTLY AGAINST A COMPARTMENT DOOR—FORCING IT TO OPEN.

CHIP IS HORRIFIED AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETS HIM THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR—BUT HE MANAGES TO KEEP HIS HEAD.
ER-AH-EXCUSE ME, SIR.

GOOD THING THE OLD BOY WAS ASLEEP-GOSH-I'VE LEFT MY PAPER IN THE DINER-ER, SEE YOU LATER, JOE.
C8.

BOY, OH BOY. THE COAST IS CLEAR, NOW I CAN GO BACK. HOPE JOE DIDN'T SEE THROUGH MY LITTLE RUSE.

NOW TO SEE THE "OLD BOY" WHO IS "ASLEEP."
C8.
"CHIP" ENTERS COMPARTMENT C-8 -THE COMPARTMENT WHICH HOLDS A MOST HORRIBLE FASCINATION FOR HIM.

BOY! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MURDER. AND IT'S ALL MINE!

REMEMBERING ONE OF HIS FATHER'S PET AXIOMS-"CHIP" REACHES FOR THE DEAD MAN'S PAPERS.
CHIEF ALWAYS SAYS-"A CORPSE AIN'T NO USE UNTIL YOU KNOW WHO, WHAT, AND WHY HE IS!" SO HERE GOES.

M-M-"JOHN REED, MANAGER OF MARTIAN OIL WELLS, PERU. A RECEIPTED NOTE. SERVICES PAID IN FULL. SO THIS GUY IAN McLEAN GOT THE SACK AND RETALIATES BY WRITING '*+%!¬∞ SEE IF I CARE.'"

NOTHING ELSE HERE - OH, OH, WHAT'S THIS? A NOTE, HEADED "JOSEPH P. ARNOLD", ASS'T. DIRECTOR, MARTIAN OIL WELLS. GREAT JUMPIN' BULLFROGS! THAT'S THE GUY WHO GAVE ME MY LUNCH. WELL, I GUESS THAT'S ALL EXCEPT FOR THIS TORN CHEQUE.

IT'S FOR $735.00. WOW! SIGNED BY CHARLES KING - BUT WHY TORN? GOSH, THAT CORPSE IS AN AWFUL LOOKING MESS. MY FRIEND WHO BUMPED INTO ME WOULD SURE SEE "RED" IF HE WERE HERE NOW! SA-AY, THIS IS THE COMPARTMENT HE WAS COMING OUT OF—

IF ONLY I CAN FIND THAT CHAP WHO BUMP—AH, HERE HE IS. NOW FOR SOME QUESTIONS.

PHEW—WHO'S BEEN BURNING HORSE-HIDE IN HERE?

COME IN LAD, HAVE A SEAT. MY NAME IS IAN MACLEAN, LATE OF MARTIAN OIL WELLS. THIS IS MR. KELTMAN OF THE "MUTUAL BENEFIT INSURANCE COMPANY".

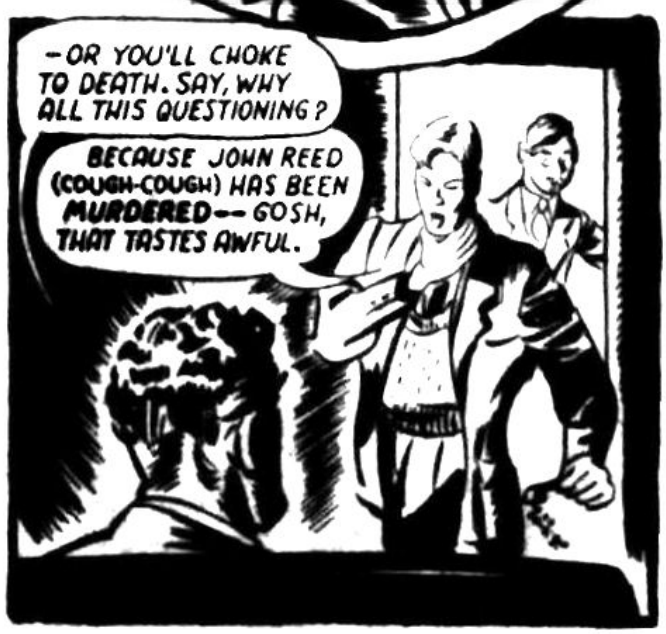
HI! BOTH OF YOU - I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MR. MACLEAN, MR. KELTMAN. HE'S SUCH A "%&+x!" - SEE IF I CARE" SORT OF PERSON.

NOW, MR. MACLEAN, TELL ME ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT JOHN REED—WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM? AND WHY DO YOU DISLIKE HIM SO MUCH?

DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD—BUT JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT, HERE GOES—HE WAS MY BOSS AT THE MARTIAN OIL WELLS. THE LAST TIME I SAW HIM WAS JUST BEFORE I BUMPED INTO YOU. I DISLIKE HIM BECAUSE HE WANTS TO KEEP HIS LOVELY YOUNG NIECE A SPINSTER, INSTEAD OF MARRYING ME!

ANYTHING ELSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW?
YES, HOW DID THE ER-AH— MR. REED APPEAR WHEN YOU LEFT?

JUST AS BAD TEMPERED AS EVER—BE CAREFUL THERE, LAD.—


—OR YOU'LL CHOKE TO DEATH. SAY, WHY ALL THIS QUESTIONING?
BECAUSE JOHN REED (COUGH-COUGH) HAS BEEN MURDERED—GOSH, THAT TASTES AWFUL.

CARAMBA! THAT'S TERRIBLE! POOR OLD JOHN.
BUT IT PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THE CASE OF JOE ARNOLD, EH?

IT'S A PITY THAT I'M NOT ALLOWED TO DIVULGE ANYTHING CONCERNING MY CLIENT'S BUSINESS, BUT ER-A-
CHIP REMEMBERS THE CHIEF'S SAYING: "AN EMPTIED POCKET IS BETTER THAN AN EMPTY HEAD."
BUT-WELL THE TRUTH IS-JOSEPH R ARNOLD HAS JUST COLLECTED $35,000 FROM MY COMPANY.
NO HARM IN THAT.
SOME MONTHS AGO HE INSURED THE MARTIAN OIL WELLS IN HIS OWN NAME. THE BUILDINGS WERE THEN ATTACKED. BANDITS STOLE ALL THEIR CASH. AND A GREAT DEAL OF DAMAGE WAS DONE.
WE SUSPECTED JOE-BUT FOUND NO EVIDENCE. REED MAY HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING SO ARNOLD BUMPED HIM OFF.
AW, JOE WOULDN'T DO THAT! YOU'LL HAVE THIS KID SUSPECTING ME NEXT.
MAYBE I WILL. HOWEVER KEEP THIS THING QUIET! I WANT TO HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AROUND AND THEN REPORT IT TO THE POLICE AT THE NEXT TOWN.
BACK TO COMPARTMENT C-8
AHA! SOMEBODY IS GOING IN TO CHAT WITH THAT CORPSE.

OH BOY! CATCHING HIM RED-HANDED. THIS IS SIMPLE.
CS.

INSIDE -

TAG! YOU'RE IT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN HERE? COME ON, ONLY THE TRUTH WILL DO! WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'LL TELL. LET ME UP - I'LL TELL YOU.

THE MAN TELLS "CHIP" THAT HIS NAME IS CHARLES KING AND THAT HE LOST $735.00 TO JOHN REED IN A POKER GAME THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. AFTER HE HEARD THAT MR REED WAS DEAD HE DECIDED TO GET BACK THE CHEQUE.
IT WOULD RUIN ME. I HAVEN'T THE MONEY IN THE BANK.

OH YEAH? A LIKELY STORY! HERE'S A TOWN, AND HERE WE GO TO FIND YOU A NICE COMFORTABLE JAIL.

ARE YOU COMING QUIETLY, OR SHALL I POP YOU ONE AND CARRY YOU OUT?
CS
I'LL BE QUIET. THIS ISN'T FAIR - I DIDN'T DO IT!

I GOT HIM ALRIGHT!

HOLD THIS TRAIN UNTIL I SEND THE POLICE. THERE'S A CORPSE IN COMPARTMENT C-8.
LAWSY. BOSS! YOU AIN'T SERIOUS.

THE MURDER SUSPECT MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM WHEN CHIP TURNS TO SPEAK TO MACLEAN.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'VE—OH, OH—THERE HE GOES.

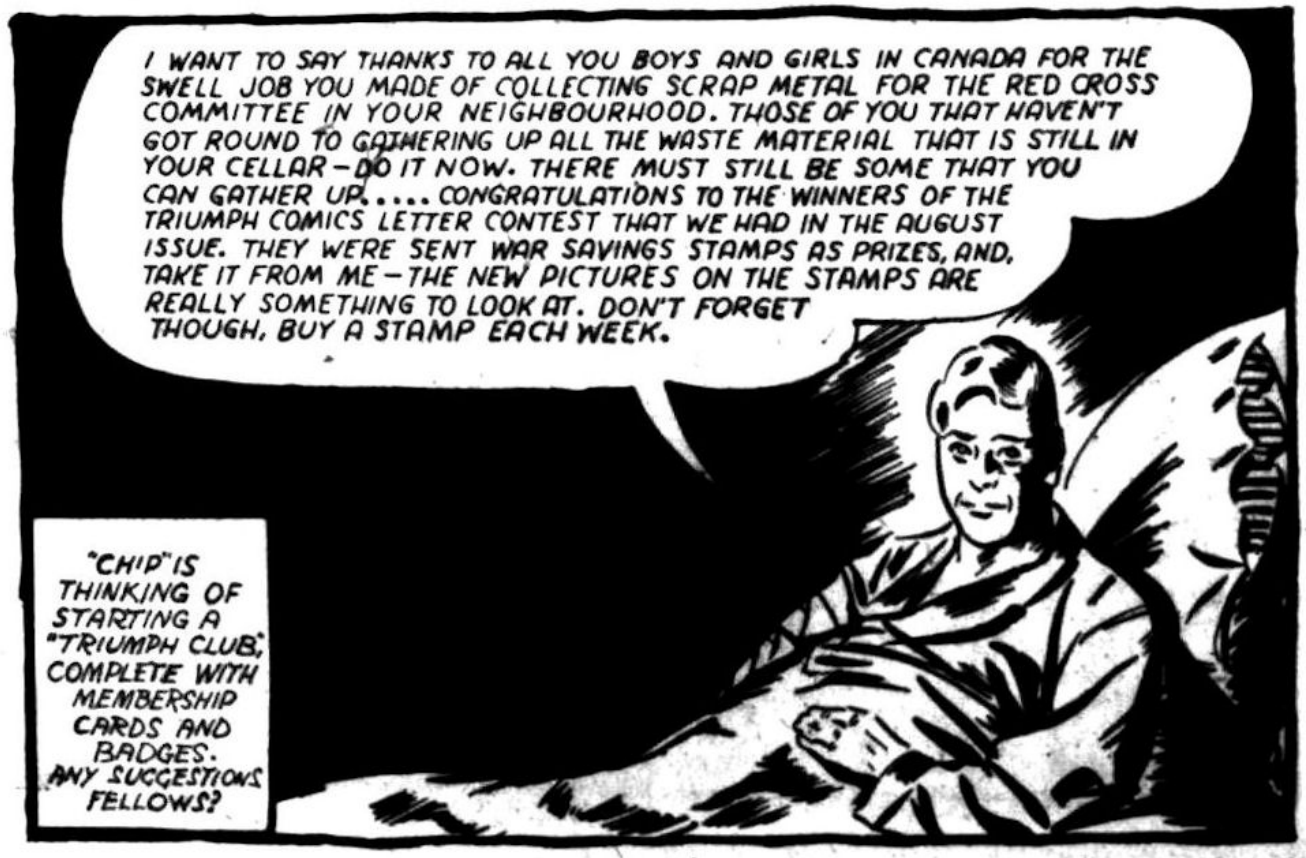
HEY! WAIT FOR UNCLE CHIP.

WHOOPS! TACKLED ON THE FOUR YARD LINE.

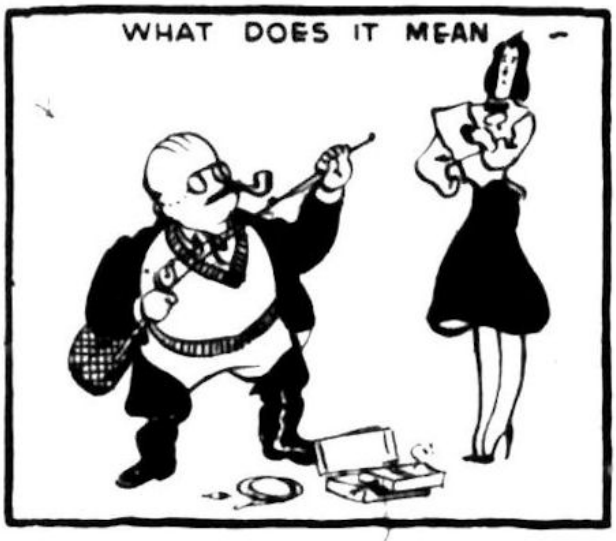
LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU MR. CHARLEY.
HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

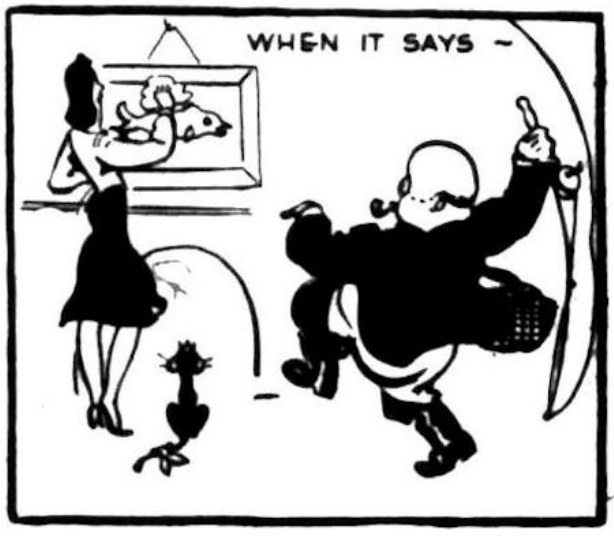
OFFICER, ARREST THIS MAN FOR MURD—
LOOK OUT!
JEEPERS! A PYTHON!
ADRIAN DINGLE
A BOLAS! FROM SOUTH AMERICA. GREAT JUMPIN' BULLFROGS—THE MURDER WEAPON.
ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
EASY, LADDIE.
CHARLES KING ISN'T THE ONE. I SEE IT ALL NOW. THE MURDERER IS ON THE TRAIN. GO GET HIM—AND FOR GOSH SAKES, GET A DOCTOR. MY ARM IS BROKEN!
WHO IS THE MURDERER?
HOW DID CHIP REACH HIS DECISION? COMPARE YOUR DEDUCTIONS WITH CHIP'S REPORT ON THE FOLLOWING PAGE. WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CLUE-CATCHERS.
"Carols and Crime"

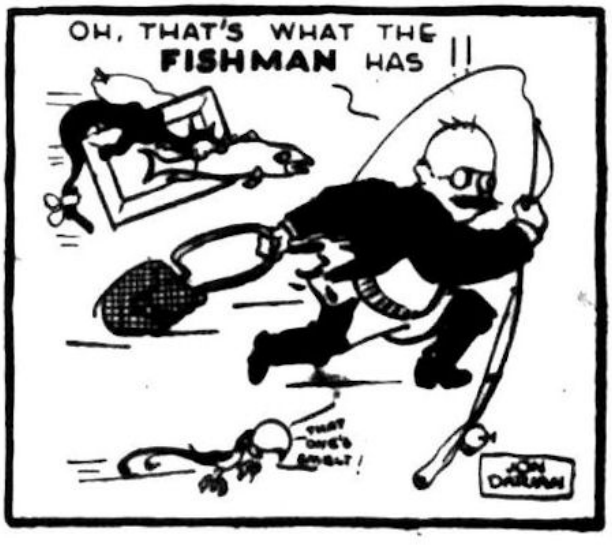
CLUE-CATCHERS ... "Chip's Report."



"The Mums"... Maxie and Minny





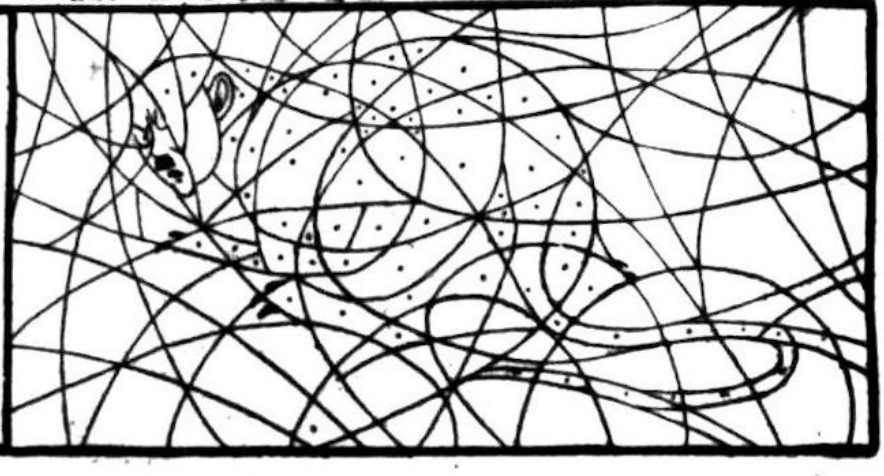


"FUN-TEASE-YA"

By HUNTER

FIND THE WORLD'S BIGGEST RAT

TAKE A SOFT, BLACK PENCIL; FILL IN THE SECTIONS THAT ARE MARKED WITH A DOT... AND WHAT DO YOU SEE ?



Capt. Douglas W. Cunnington

"The Mums".. Maxie and Minny

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE, WE PRESENT AN EXCELLENT DRAWING OF CAPTAIN DOUGLAS WIGHTMAN CUNNINGTON, AGE 24, OF CALGARY, ALBERTA, HOLDER OF THE GEORGE MEDAL.

IT WAS DURING ONE OF THE TERRIFIC ASSAULTS OF THE NAZI AIR ATTACK AGAINST BRITAIN, THAT CAPTAIN CUNNINGTON WAS AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL FOR HIS GALLANTRY IN REMOVING THE DEADLY, DELAYED-ACTION BOMBS.

SPANNER PRESTON

SPIES of the AIRWAYS

ILLUSTRATIONS by LÉON JAMES

STORY by H.B.OHRT

THE STORY SO FAR:

SQUADRON LEADER "SPANNER" PRESTON, A CANADIAN YOUTH IN THE R.A.F. IS ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION IN GERMANY.

DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF A NAZI AVIATOR, HE HAS DISCOVERED THE GREAT GERMAN FACTORY WHERE THEY ARE BUILDING A NEW LETHAL WEAPON. STEALING A GERMAN MESSERSCHMITT SPANNER LANDS NEAR THE FACTORY.

AS OUR STORY OPENS, WE FIND "SPANNER", GUN IN HAND, STEALING TOWARD THE WELL GUARDED PLANT WHICH CONTAINS THE SECRET WEAPON HE IS SO ANXIOUS TO FIND AND DESTROY.

ARMED WITH GUN AND FLASHLIGHT, THE DARING ACE FORCES AN ENTRANCE INTO THE NAZI LABORATORY.

STEALTHILY, "SPANNER" INVESTIGATES THE LARGE ROOM IN HIS HUNT FOR THE SECRET WEAPON AND THE NAZI PLANS.

THE BEAM FROM THE FLASHLIGHT REVEALS THE PLANS OF THE SECRET WEAPON SPREAD ON THE WORKBENCH.

MEANWHILE, IN THE GUARD'S CONTROL ROOM, A LIGHT FLASHES ON AND OFF, SIGNALLING THAT THE SECRET ROOM HAS BEEN ENTERED.

THE BRITISH ACE IS AMAZED TO FIND THE STARTLING PLANS OF A SECRET WEAPON WHICH REVEALS THAT THE GERMAN SCIENTISTS ARE BUILDING A DEATH-DEALING RAY GUN— THE DREAM OF MANY MAD MEN OF SCIENCE.

THE GUARD INVESTIGATES-
ROOM 3-WHERE THE GREAT SECRETS ARE KEPT.
O.K. SO FAR. NOW TO FIND THE MACHINE, BUT I MUST HURRY.
WARNU
WELL! HERE IT IS-THE SECRET OF SECRETS.
"SPANNER'S" LIGHT SUDDENLY REVEALS THE MONSTROUS RAY-GUN.
AHA! A DIRTY SPY. I'LL GET HIM.
THROUGH A HIDDEN WINDOW, THE NAZI GUARD VIEWS THE ROOM AND FINDS THE BRITISHER SILHOUETTED BY A LUMINOUS PREPARATION PAINTED ON THE WALLS OF THE ROOM.
UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING WATCHED, "SPANNER" CAREFULLY EXAMINES THE SECRET RAY-GUN. HIS INTENSE CONCENTRATION PREVENTS HIS HEARING THE LIGHT FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM, UNTIL SUDDENLY A GUN IS POKED INTO HIS BACK AND A CURT VOICE BARKS-
HANDE HOCH DU HUND! (HANDS UP YOU DOG!)

THE TRAPPED ACE, WITH LIGHTNING SPEED SWINGS HIS RIGHT ARM, CATCHING THE PISTOL OF THE NAZI, AND CAUSING IT TO FIRE HARMLESSLY INTO THE AIR.

WITH A TERRIFIC LEFT JAB TO THE HEAD, "SPANNER" KNOCKS THE SURPRISED GUARD TO THE FLOOR.

"SPANNER" HURRIEDLY TRIES TO WRECK THE CONTROL BOARD OF THE RAY-GUN.

FAILING IN HIS ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE RAY-GUN, SPANNER GRABS A BOTTLE LABELLED T.N.T.

REALIZING THAT THE OTHER GUARDS WILL BE AROUSED BY THE COMMOTION IN THE SECRET ROOM, THE AIRMAN RUNS FROM THE PLANT, GRASPING THE BOTTLE OF NITRO-GLYCERINE, WHICH HAS BEEN SO IMPROVED BY THE WAR-MAD NAZI'S THAT A SINGLE DROP WILL DESTROY A MUNITION PLANT.

THE PLANT GUARDS, AROUSED, PURSUE THE FIGURE THAT IS VANISHING ACROSS THE ROAD--THEIR GUNS BLAZING.

AS THE GERMAN BULLETS WHINE AND WHISTLE AROUND HIM, "SPANNER" REACHES THE SAFETY OF HIS PLANE AND CLIMBS INTO IT.

HE GIVES THE MESSERSCHMITT THE GUN. THE STOLEN PLANE CLIMBS UPSTAIRS ONLY TO FLY DIRECTLY INTO A BATTERY OF NAZI SEARCHLIGHTS.

THE BIG MESSERSCHMITT FLIES SQUARELY OVER THE NAZI PLANT—A HURTLING BOTTLE GLISTENS IN THE SEARCHLIGHT BEAMS.

THE BOTTLE OF T.N.T. LANDS SQUARELY WITH A TERRIFIC BLAST THE WHOLE FACTORY LIFTS INTO THE AIR, COMPLETELY OBLITERATING THE SECRET RAY-GUN AND EXPLOSIVES. THE FORCE OF THE BLAST ROCKS SPANNER'S PLANE AS HE ZOOMS SKYWARD.

"SPANNER" DRIVING HIS STOLEN MESSERSCHMITT HARD, SOON WINGS OVER THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER.
AH! THE GOOD OLD CHALK CLIFFS. HOME AGAIN!
CALLING COASTAL COMMAND-ENEMY PLANE IN SQUARE "D". INTERCEPT AT ONCE!
THE SECRET RADIO INTERCEPTOR FLASHES WORD THAT AN ENEMY PLANE HAS CROSSED OVER THE CLIFFS. THE CONTROL OFFICER OF THE R.A.F. ACTS PROMPTLY.
A BIG LOCKHEED HUDSON OF THE BRITISH COASTAL COMMAND RECEIVES THE CONTROL CALL FROM HEADQUARTERS AND BEGINS TO SEARCH FOR THE MARAUDING PLANE.
TWO GALLANT SPITFIRES HAVE ALSO RECEIVED THE CONTROL WARNING. SUDDENLY THEY SEE THE ENEMY SHIP BELOW THEM. THEY DIVE TO THE ATTACK WITH ALL THEIR GUNS BLAZING. UNKNOWN TO THEM THE ENEMY SHIP IS PILOTED BY SQUADRON LEADER PRESTON OF THE R.A.F.

THEY THINK THAT I'M A HUN! I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF THIS MESS.
ZING
ZING
ZING
BULLETS FROM THE ATTACKING SPITFIRES COME THICK AND FAST. "SPANNER" IS IN A NASTY SPOT AND DECIDES TO BAIL OUT.
THE ATTACKER'S BULLETS SET FIRE TO THE MESSERSCHMITT. "SPANNER" MUST JUMP TO ESCAPE CERTAIN DEATH.
STRANGE! THAT HUN NEVER USED HIS GUNS.
IN THE BRITISH PLANES THE PILOTS WONDER WHY THE ENEMY FAILED TO ATTACK.
AS THE 'CHUTE OPENS "SPANNER" SEES THE M.G.'S PLUNGE EARTHWARD— ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE R.A.F.
THIS IS CERTAINLY A CHARMING WELCOME HOME.

I'LL BE SPOTTED IN THIS NAZI GARB, SO I HAD BETTER BE CAREFUL.
"SPANNER'S" FEET TOUCH FREE ENGLISH SOIL. HE REALIZES THAT HE WILL BE TAKEN FOR A HUN BY THE ENGLISHMEN WHO ARE EVER ON THE ALERT FOR RAIDERS FROM THE SKY.
AS THE MIST RISES FROM THE FIELD A CORNISH FARMER SEES AN UNWELCOME VISITOR DROP TO EARTH.
THAT'S A BLOOMIN' "NASTY". I'LL SHOW HIM WHAT FOR—AND FINISH HIM OFF IF HE'S TRICKY.
IN DEFENSE OF HIS HOME, THE OLD MAN FAIRLY GALLOPS TOWARD THE STRANGER—HIS PITCH FORK READY.
WE ARE ALL BEHIND YOU GRAND-DAD, DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM.
ARMED WITH ANY HANDY IMPLEMENT, THE AROUSED ENGLISH FAMILY FOLLOW THE OLD FARMER OVER THE FIELDS.
I AM NOT THE HUN THAT YOU HAVE MISTAKEN ME FOR. PLEASE DIRECT ME TO THE R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS.
WE'LL GIVE YOU TO HEADQUARTERS ALRIGHT, BUT IF YOU TRY ANY TRICKS, I'LL SPEAR YOU.
DAD, CAN I TRY MY NEW AIR GUN? I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM JUMP.

TAKEN TO R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS, SQUADRON LEADER PRESTON REVEALS HIS IDENTITY. HANDING THE PLANS OF THE GERMAN SECRET WEAPON TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER, HE IS INFORMED THAT HE MUST SPEED TO IRAN ON A MISSION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. "SPANNER" RECEIVES HIS NEW ORDERS WITH DELIGHT. THEY CONJURE UP THOUGHTS OF CALIFS AND MINERETS.

HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE THE R.A.F. BOMBER SPEEDS OVER EUROPE CARRYING "SPANNER" ON HIS MISSION.

OVER TEHERAN, CAPITOL OF IRAN, "SPANNER" AND THE PILOT CHART A GOOD LOCATION FOR "SPANNERS" PARACHUTE JUMP.

MEANWHILE -
PETER ROLLAND, A BRITISH AGENT-
GET AWAY, YOU SAWED-OFF DEVIL!
-HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY NAZI SPIES AND HELD BY THE IRANIAN ASSASSINS, IN AN OLD SHACK NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.
HE WILL SOON TALK -THIS ENGLISH DOG. HE KNOWS THE ENEMY PLANS.
THE GESTAPO WILL BE PLEASED WITH THIS PIECE OF WORK.
ABDUL, LEADER OF THE BERLIN PAID ASSASSINS, TRIES, BY THE FORCE OF TORTURE, TO OBTAIN INFORMATION FROM PETER.
REFUSING TO GIVE ANY INFORMATION, PETER ROLLAND IS SUBJECTED TO A FIENDISH TORTURE. SUSPENDED BY HIS THUMBS AND WITH HIS ANKLES SECURELY ROPED HIS FEET ARE CRUELLY FLAYED WITH SPLIT BAMBOO RODS. SALT IS THEN RUBBED INTO THE OPEN WOUNDS AND A GOAT IS ALLOWED TO LICK THE LACERATED FLESH. ALTHOUGH COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED THE BRITISHER REFUSES TO TALK.

ARRIVING AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, "SPANNER" IS TOLD OF THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF PETER ROLLAND AND IS ASKED TO INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY.

THAT EVENING "SPANNER" STROLLS INTO A CAFE AND WATCHES THE PERSIAN DANCERS.

HER DANCE COMPLETED, THE EASTERN BEAUTY MINGLES WITH THE GUESTS, SINGLING OUT "SPANNER" FOR HER SPECIAL ATTENTION. THE BRITISHER IS ON HIS GUARD IMMEDIATELY. HIGH IN THE BALCONY A FIGURE WATCHES.

ABDUL, AN EVIL HUNCHBACK, LEADER OF THE ASSASSINS ENTERS THE CAFE, FOLLOWED BY TWO GERMAN INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS.
AH, THERE IS THE PROUD IRANA.
HEY! YOU DIRTY LOUT, TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER.
HELP
WITH GHOULISH GLEE, THE DWARF SEIZES IRANA AND ATTEMPTS TO THROTTLE THE PRETTY LITTLE DANCER.
"SPANNER'S" FIST, TRAVELLING LIKE A FLASHING SCIMITAR, LANDS A BLOW THAT KNOCKS THE INTRUDER BACKWARD OVER THE TABLE.
WHY DID THE DWARF ATTEMPT TO THROTTLE The MYSTERIOUS IRANA?
DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING EPISODE!

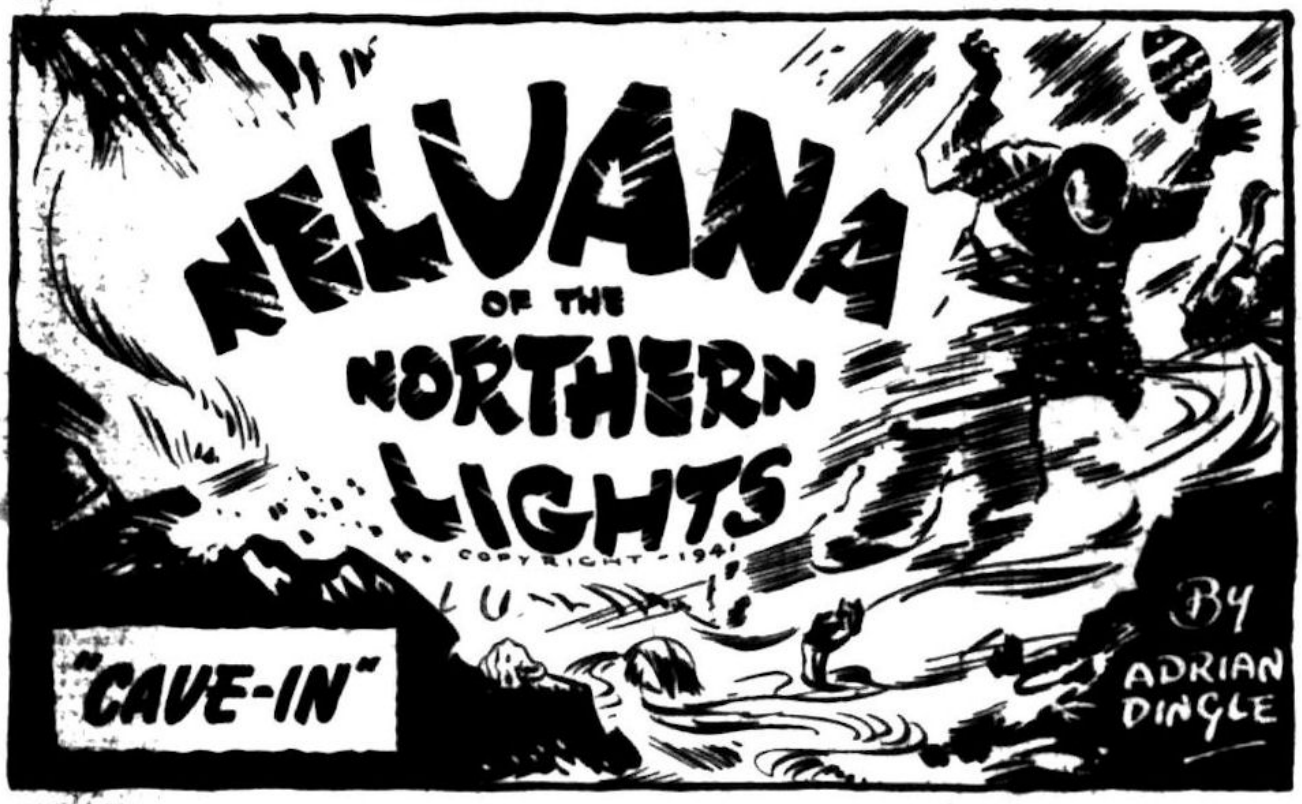
General Sir John Dill, KCB, CMG, DSO.

CHIEF of the IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF.

"The Mums": Maxie and Minny

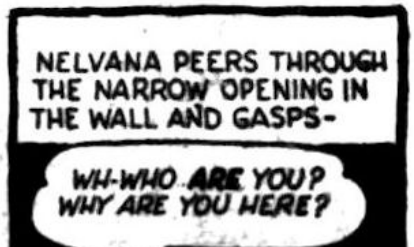
"FUN-TEASE-YA"— by HUNTER

TAKE A SOFT, BLACK PENCIL, FILL IN THE SECTIONS THAT ARE MARKED WITH A DOT. AND, WHAT DO YOU FIND ?



GUIDED BY KOLIAK'S GIANT RAY, NELVANA AND TANERO HAVE LOCATED THE MISSING ESKIMO HUNTERS ON THE "ISLE OF MYSTERY" IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY. AN INGENIOUS DEVICE LURED THE ESKIMOS INTO TOROFF'S CLUTCHES. THEY WERE CAPTURED AND FORCED TO WORK IN THE SECRETLY OPERATED ZIRCONDIUM MINE, WHERE THE EVIL KABLUNETS ARE DEVELOPING AND STEALING THE NEWLY DISCOVERED, HEAT GENERATING METAL—Z736. THEIR GOVERNMENT INTEND USING THIS METAL IN A RUTHLESS ATTEMPT TO RULE THE WORLD.

NELVANA SENT TANERO BACK TO OBTAIN HELP FROM CHIEF TADJO. THEN,- AFTER BEING MADE INVISIBLE BY ONE OF KOLIAK'S POWERFUL RAYS, SHE DESCENDED INTO THE MINE. THERE SHE DISCOVERED THAT HER ESKIMO PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO WORK LIKE SLAVES AND SHE RESOLVED TO FREE THEM. THE POWER OF KOLIAK'S RAY WANED, MAKING NELVANA VISIBLE AGAIN, AS SHE IS RELEASING HER PEOPLE FROM THE HEAVY CHAINS THAT BIND THEM (USING THE KEYS WHICH SHE STOLE FROM THE FOREMAN), A PANEL IN THE ROCK WALL OPENED, AND A STARTLING VOICE FRIGHTENED HER AS IT CRIED OUT--



I MIGHT ASK THE SAME OF YOU! FOR YEARS I HAVE IMAGINED SUCH BEAUTY AS YOURS BUT NEVER HAVE I THOUGHT I SHOULD LIVE TO SEE IT. YOU ASK WHO I AM. HEH-HEH YOU MEAN WHO I USED TO BE!

ONLY MY BRAIN LIVES, AND THAT ONLY FOR THEIR EVIL PURPOSES. MY BODY HAS LONG SINCE BEEN WORTHLESS TO THEM.

I WAS ONCE KNOWN AS DR CORNELIUS ROCKINGHAM-PROMINENT GEOLOGIST.

I WAS KIDNAPPED BY AGENTS OF THE REPUBLIC. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO WHEN I REFUSED TO SELL MY NEWLY PERFECTED FORMULA FOR Z 736. THESE MANY YEARS I HAVE BEEN A PRISONER IN MY OWN COUNTRY, IN THIS MINE AND FORCED TO DEVOTE ALL MY TALENTS TO THE INVADERS RUTHLESS CAUSE.

I AM NELVANA, DAUGHTER OF KOLIAK THE MIGHTY. YOU SHALL BE RELEASED AND RETURNED TO YOUR PEOPLE. QUICKLY-MEN OF TADJO'S TRIBES. TELL ALL YOUR BROTHERS TO COME.

MEANWHILE-
NEAR CHIEF TADJO'S DOMAIN A HUGE DOG IS SEEN, -- ENVELOPED BY KOLIAK'S PROTECTING RAY.

THE GIANT ANIMAL PASSES THROUGH AN OPPOSING RAY AND IN A BLINDING FLASH BEGINS TO CHANGE.
AS THE TWO RAYS MINGLE AND BECOME ONE, TANERO STANDS TRANSFORMED AND SLOWLY APPROACHES CHIEF TADJO.
WHAT TIDINGS, OH ROYAL ONE.
MIGHTY CHIEF, YOUR MISSING HUNTERS ARE IMPRISONED ON THE "ISLE OF MYSTERY!"
COME, MY BRETHREN-- HARNESS THE DOGS, LOAD THE KAMOOTIKS FOR A LONG JOURNEY.
THE ESKIMOS RUSH TO DO THEIR LEADER'S BIDDING AND IN A FLURRY OF SEEMING CONFUSION THEY BEGIN THEIR PREPARATIONS.
THE HEAVILY LADEN KAMOOTIKS SOON APPEAR. AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THE LIMITLESS WHITE WASTES THEY LOOK LIKE HUGE DISJOINTED SNAKES.
THE MEN ARE READY AND AWAIT ONLY THE ORDER TO START.

AT A SIGNAL FROM TADJO THE DOGS LEAP FORWARD. THE KAMOOTIKS, ON THEIR WELL GLAZED RUNNERS, JERK EASILY INTO MOTION, AND GLIDE SMOOTHLY OVER THE ICE AND HARD SNOW. TANERO WAVES FAREWELL AS HE ASCENDS INTO KOLIAK'S RAY.
MAY THE GODS BE WITH YOU, OH ROYAL SON OF KOLIAK.
FAREWELL MIGHTY CHIEF, FAREWELL.

MAY NOTHING BUT GOOD FORTUNE BEFALL THEM IN THEIR EFFORTS TO BRING MY BRAVE HUNTERS SAFELY BACK TO THIS LAND OF FREEDOM.

LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION ONCE AGAIN TO THE "ISLE OF MYSTERY," HUNDREDS OF MILES SOUTHWEST OF TADJO'S LAND. A FLEET OF SNOW TANKS DRAWS NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE SECRET MINE.

TOROFF THE TERRIBLE HAS ARRIVED TO INSPECT THE NEW SHIPMENT OF Z736.
WELL MOGANO, AS FOREMAN I TRUST THAT YOU HAVE BEEN KEEPING PRODUCTION UP TO SCHEDULE?
OF COURSE, OH COMMANDER!

THE ESKIMOS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE!
WHAT!

DID I NOT GIVE YOU INSTRUCTIONS TO KEEP THEM CHAINED, EH? M'MH, PERHAPS YOU LOANED THEM YOUR KEYS, EH? ANSWER ME!
I HATE TO DO THIS MOGANO, AS WE'RE SO SHORT HANDED, BUT-
O-O-OW
MEANWHILE- INSIDE THE MINE THE ESKIMOS STRUGGLE FEVERISHLY TO RELEASE THE ENTOMBED PRISONER.
IT'S GIVING WAY- I CAN SEE A CRACK FORMING.
EEEEEE
WHEN I FIND THOSE BLUBBER-EATERS, I'LL FLOG THEM WITHIN AN INCH OF THEIR LIVES.
HURRY! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!!

I-I'M NEARLY FREE, BUT HURRY!

HARK! ROCKINGHAM'S VOICE AND THAT TAPPING PROVES THAT SOMEONE FEVERISHLY WORKS WHERE HE SHOULD NOT BE.

TOROFF
SO!

AT THIS VERY MOMENT THE AGED DOCTOR'S ONE THOUGHT OF IMPENDING FREEDOM SEEMS TO ENDOW HIM WITH SUPER HUMAN STRENGTH. WITH A LEAP HE HURLS HIMSELF AT THE WEAKENED WALL.
CRASH

WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE WALL OF THE ENTOMBING PRISON CRASHES ABOUT THE FIGURES OF TOROFF AND HIS GANG, CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH.

A CRAFTY BIT OF WORK, MY FRIENDS, BUT MY THORMITE RAY WILL PUT AN END TO YOUR WORTHLESS LIVES.

HURRY! WE HAVE STALLED THEIR ADVANCE FOR A TIME, BUT WE MUST GET OUT OF RANGE OF THIS DEADLY FIRE.

LOOK AHEAD. THE ELEVATOR "TRAP" WHERE I ENTERED THIS RAT HOLE
AND I, TOO, HEAVENLY ONE.

THE ELEVATOR IS OUR ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE.

WITHOUT WARNING, A ROCK BLAST SUDDENLY OCCURS IN THE TUNNELS UNDER THE SEA.
BOOM

THE DREADED CAVE-IN FOLLOWS.

THE RAPIDLY RISING WATER SOON STREWS THE TUNNEL WITH THE BODIES OF ITS VICTIMS ERE IT TRAVELS ON.

NELVANA'S CLEVER FORGING OF THE DRILLING PLAN RESULTS IN THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF THE EVIL KABLUNET MINERS. WATER IS FORCED IN THROUGH THE EVER WIDENING FISSURES
DESPERATELY, BUT FUTILELY THE MEN POUND THE WALLS BESIDE THE ELEVATOR GATES - BUT THERE IS NO ONE TO HEAR THEIR PITIFUL CRIES.
CLUTCHING FINGERS DIG AND TEAR AT THE ROCK, ONLY TO BE TORN LOOSE BY THE FORCE OF THE SWIRLING WATERS.
MEANWHILE AT THE ELEVATOR SHAFT.
THREE TRIPS WILL BE SUFFICIENT TO REMOVE ALL THE ESKIMOS. I HOPE THAT EVERYTHING IS IN GOOD ORDER
NELVANA PULLS THE SWITCH. THE MECHANISM WORKS PERFECTLY. THE PLATFORM LADEN WITH PASSENGERS, DISAPPEARS ALOFT.
STAND GUARD ABOVE UNTIL ALL ARE SAFELY ALOFT.
THE GREAT PHYSICAL STRENGTH OF TOROFF SERVED HIM WELL. EH? MY LEFT WRIST SEEMS BROKEN, BUT--'TIS A MERE NOTHING HOWEVER, COMPARED TO THE FATE OF MY WEAKLING CREW- HA-HA. ONWARD TOROFF.

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE APPROACHING OUTER AIR BRINGS EXPRESSIONS OF EXULTANT JOY TO THE FACES OF THE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN SO CRUELLY IMPRISONED.
WE HAVE REMOVED ALL EXCEPT THE THREE OF US IN TWO TRIPS-- WHAT'S THAT?
THOSE ARE THE FOOT-STEPS I HAVE GROWN TO KNOW WELL, OH HEAVENLY ONE-TOROFF STILL LIVES.
WELL-WELL. THE LEARNED DOCTOR AND HIS FAIR LADY OUT FOR A STROLL NO DOUBT. YOU LOOK TIRED ROCKINGHAM! YOU NEED SLEEP-AND YOU SHALL HAVE IT, TOO. BY YOUR VERY OWN INVENTION-THORMITE
WHAT AN HONOUR. HA-HA.
AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT THE TURBULENT WATER SWIRLS ITS WAY, WITH THE SPEED OF THE BALOOGA WHALE, DOWN THE VERY TUNNEL WHERE TOROFF STANDS.
THE RUTHLESS KABLUNET CONCENTRATES ALL HIS ATTENTION ON THE THREE PRISONERS AND DOES NOT HEAR THE WARNING ROAR.
DIE!
BEFORE HIS TRIGGER FINGER MOVES ON THE DEADLY THORMITE GUN-TOROFF IS LIFTED BODILY BY THE WATER'S FORCE AND DISAPPEARS BENEATH THE GURGLING FOAM.

IF THAT ELEVATOR ONLY COMES DOWN IN TIME TO SAVE US.

JUST WHEN THE RUSHING TORRENT SEEMED ABOUT TO TEAR THEM TO SHREDS, THE PLATFORM DESCENDED. THE WAY TO SAFETY WAS OPEN.

OUTSIDE AT LAST
THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE. THE KABLUNETS' EVIL MINING OPERATIONS HAVE BEEN RUINED. THEY HAVE LOST MANY MEN. THOSE WHO REMAIN ALIVE WILL TRACK US. HAVE THE MEN FOLLOW ME, IN SINGLE FILE.

FOLLOWING NELVANA AND THE AGED GEOLOGIST AN UNDULATING RIBBON OF ESKIMOS THREADED ITS WAY SILENTLY TO THE MAINLAND.

AS THE LAST ESKIMO REACHED THE SAFETY OF THE SHORE, THE ICE, WEAKENED BY THE EXPLOSION AND CAVE-IN, LIFTED SLOWLY, LOOKING LIKE THE JAWS OF A HUNDRED SEA MONSTERS.

MEANWHILE—MANY MILES TO THE EAST, TANERO'S RESCUE PARTY SPEEDS EVER NEARER NELVANA AND THE RELEASED MEN.

WISHING TO CONTACT HER BROTHER WITH THE GREATEST POSSIBLE SPEED, NELVANA GAZES TOWARD THE POLE STAR AND IS IMMEDIATELY ENVELOPED IN A SHAFT OF BLUE GREEN LIGHT. IN A LOW VOICE SHE SPEAKS.
KOLIAK, MY FATHER, MIGHTY KING OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, PRAY TELL ME IN WHICH DIRECTION I MAY FIND MY BROTHER.

THE DOCTOR AND THE AMAZED ESKIMOS GASP AS A GIGANTIC HAND DESCENDS FROM ABOVE
THE HAND OF KOLIAK POINTS.
I GO NOW TO AID MY BROTHER IN FINDING US. YOU MUST ALL REMAIN HERE AND CARE FOR THE LEARNED AND AGED KABLUNET UNTIL I RETURN.
AS YOU SAY, OH HEAVENLY ONE. WE WAIT IN HAPPY ANTICIPATION.

SAYING NO MORE, NELVANA ASCENDS INTO THE PATH OF KOLIAK'S GIANT RAY AND DISAPPEARS.
TRAVELLING WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE DAUGHTER OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS IS SIGHTED BY HER BROTHER.
HALT! NELVANA ARRIVES

NO! THE OLD MAN ISN'T CRAZY!

NEXT MONTH'S EPISODE IS PACKED WITH THRILLS AS CIVILIZATION BECOMES AWARE FOR THE FIRST TIME OF NELVANA'S POWER!

A STORY OF THE WESTERN RANGE.

TANG

By Frank Brookwood

Illustrations by René L. Kulbach

BUDDY BRECKENRIDGE AND HIS ADOPTED SISTER JUANITA, ARE HELD CAPTIVE BY CHIEF SPOTTED EAGLE OF THE SIOUX.
HANK STEELE, AN INDIAN SCOUT, WHO WENT TO THE CHILDREN'S RESCUE, WAS HIMSELF CAPTURED AND SUBJECTED TO MANY TORTURES.
WITH THE HELP OF BUDDY, HE ESCAPES FROM THE SIOUX ONLY TO RUN INTO A BAND OF MARAUDING BLACKFOOT INDIANS, WHO, AS THIS STORY OPENS, ARE GIVING CHASE TO HANK AS HIS TIRED PINTO RACES ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

YOU REDSKINNED DEVIL- COME ON, I'M READY FOR YOU!
HANK STEELE – ON HIS TIRED AND WINDED HORSE, IS OVERTAKEN BY THE DREADED BLACKFEET WHOSE PONIES ARE WILD AND FRESH – HE FIGHTS GALLANTLY AGAINST GREAT ODDS.
BLACK PANTHER- CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET- RECOGNISES HANK – HIS BLOOD-BROTHER AND SHOUTS TO HIS WARRIORS TO CEASE THEIR ATTACK.
SAPA INMUTANKA (CHIEF BLACK PANTHER) MY FRIEND, MY BROTHER!
HOLD, WA-WA-SKI-PA (LONG HAIR) MY BROTHER - IT IS I, BLACK PANTHER!
GALLOPING AT FULL SPEED – THE FRIENDLY CHIEF OVERTAKES THE EXHAUSTED STEELE. HANK, RECOGNISING HIS FRIEND, DROPS HIS KNIFE AS A SIGN OF RECOGNITION.
I BEG THE HELP OF MY BROTHER - THE GREAT CHIEF!
MY FRIEND - YOU NEED BUT ASK - DO I NOT ALREADY OWE YOU MY LIFE?
HANK DECIDES TO ASK THE AID OF BLACK PANTHER, AND TELLS HIM OF THE TORTUROUS TREATMENT HE RECEIVED AT THE HANDS OF SPOTTED EAGLE, - SWORN ENEMY OF THE BLACKFEET. THE CHIEF SWEARS ALLIANCE TO HIS FRIEND.

WELL ARMED, REFRESHED AND RESTED - HANK LEADS BLACK PANTHER AND HIS PARTY OF BLOOD-THIRSTY WARRIORS TO SPOTTED EAGLE'S CAMP - HOPING TO RESCUE BUDDY AND JUANITA FROM THE SIOUX AND CLAIM THE SCALP OF THE SIOUX CHIEFTAIN AS PROMISED.
MY BROTHER HAS SPOKEN - WE GO!
TIME FLIES, MY CHIEF - I AM ANXIOUS FOR THE SAFETY OF THE CHILDREN OF BRECKENRIDGE -
SIGHTING THE CAMP OF THE HATED SIOUX, HANK AND BLACK PANTHER HALT TO GATHER THEIR BRAVES AROUND AND ORDER THE ATTACK.
THE GREAT WAR GODS BE WITH US - ON, MY BRAVES!
THE SCOUT'S ONLY THOUGHT IS FOR THE CHILDREN AS HE PRODS HIS NOW GALLOPING HORSE TO GREATER SPEED.
WITH BLOOD-CURDLING CRIES, MINGLED WITH WAR WHOOPS, THE BLACKFEET CHARGE THE UNSUSPECTING SIOUX VILLAGE.

MEANWHILE -
SPOTTED EAGLE, ANXIOUS TO MAKE HIS ADOPTED SON A WORTHY LEADER, HAS TAKEN THE BOY, ALONG WITH HIS FINEST HUNTERS, ON A BUFFALO HUNT. HE INSTRUCTS HIM AS TO HIS CONDUCT DURING THE CHASE AND TO THE AIMING OF ARROWS FOR A KILL.-
MY SON-SEE THE BUFFALO HERD! KEEP CLOSE TO ME AND REMEMBER MY TEACHINGS.
THE LEADER, A MONSTROUS BULL, LOWERS HIS GREAT HEAD AND BELLOWS A WARNING TO HIS GRAZING HERD
ON HIS FLEET PINTO, BUDDY FOLLOWS CLOSELY BEHIND SPOTTED EAGLE. HE FITS AN ARROW TO HIS BOW AND SINGLES OUT A LARGE BULL FROM THE HERD.

LEAVING THE CHIEF BEHIND, THE YOUNG HUNTER RACES ALONGSIDE OF THE STAMPEDING BULL - DRIVING HIS ARROWS DEEP INTO THE HEAVING SIDE.
THE STRICKEN ANIMAL REARS AND BELLOWS IN PAIN AND BLINDLY STRIKES OUT AT THE ELUSIVE HORSE AND RIDER.
AS THE PAIN MADDENED BEAST FALLS TO HIS KNEES, - THE YOUNG HUNTER FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND, GUIDING HIS PONY WITH THE PRESSURE OF HIS LEGS AND HOLDING HIS BOW READY TO FINISH OFF THE WOUNDED BUFFALO.
SPOTTED EAGLE - PLEASED AND PROUD OF THE BOY'S HORSEMANSHIP AND SKILL WITH THE BOW AND ARROW AND HIS WONDERFUL HUNTING INSTINCTS, CONGRATULATES HIM ON HIS FIRST KILL - WHILE HIS WARRIORS FOLLOW THE HERD UNTIRINGLY, SLAUGHTERING THE BUFFALOES BY THE SCORE.

MORE DARING THAN THE REST, A YOUNG BRAVE KNOWN AS RUNNING HORSE, SINGLES OUT THE GIANT LEADER AND GALLOPING UP ALONGSIDE, THRUSTS HIS LANCE INTO THE POWERFUL BULL'S SIDE.
WITH THE TERRIFIC IMPACT, THE LANCE SNAPS LIKE MATCHWOOD AND HURLES THE TERRIFIED HUNTER ONTO THE HORNS OF THE PAIN-CRAZED BRUTE!
STARTLED BY THE SWIFTNESS OF THIS NEW ATTACK, THE GREAT BULL GIVES AN UPWARD HEAVE OF HIS TREMENDOUS HEAD - CATCHING THE BRAVE WITH HIS STRONG, SHARP HORNS, AND SENDING HIM HIGH IN THE AIR TO HIS DEATH
SOBBING, THE STRICKEN BEAST SINKS TO HIS KNEES AND IS DISPATCHED BY A WELL AIMED ARROW.
AT THE END OF THE HUNT, MANY SIOUX SQUAWS ARRIVE. THEY SKIN AND QUARTER THE MEAT WHICH IS THEN LOADED ON THEIR TRAVOIS AND PACK PONIES.

WELL SATISFIED WITH THE RESULT OF THE HUNT, **SPOTTED EAGLE** RELATES MANY THRILLING ADVENTURES TO **BUDDY**.

WITH AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF FRESH MEAT LOADED ON THE TRAVOIS, THE INDIANS HEAD FOR CAMP.

ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF BLOOD, THE COYOTES, SCAVENGERS OF THE PLAINS, LIKE FLEETING SHADOWS, **GATHER** TO FEAST ON THE REMAINS OF THE SLAUGHTERED HERD.
THEIR SNEAKY EYES FLASH AND THEIR LIPS ARE TWISTED IN AN UGLY SNARL AS THEIR POWERFUL JAWS CRACK THE HUGE BONES WITH EASE, LEAVING LITTLE OF THE FEAST FOR THE **CARRION** CROWS HOVERING NEAR BY.

SPOTTED EAGLE, RIDING BEHIND WITH **BUDDY**, SHOWS HIM WHERE THE INDIAN WARRIORS DANCE "THE DANCE OF GREAT REJOICING".

IN A CLOUD OF DUST AND TURMOIL, THE GROTESQUELY PAINTED BLACKFEET, LED BY MANK STEELE AND BLACK PANTHER, CHARGE THE SIOUX VILLAGE. THE THUNDERING HOOFS AND THE SEATHING MASS OF YELLING SAVAGES, BEARING DOWN AT BREAKNECK SPEED, MAKE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE SIOUX TO REACH THEIR MOUNTS.

THE INDIAN, DASHING TO DO HIS CHIEF'S BIDDING, ARRIVES WITH THE CHILDREN AS THE SWIFTEST MUSTANG IS BROUGHT OUT FOR THE ESCAPE.

LEAPING ONTO THE IMPATIENT HORSES BACK, THE SAVAGE LIFTS **JUANITA** UP BEFORE HIM.- **BUDDY** VAULTS UP BEHIND, GRASPING HIS GUIDE AROUND THE WAIST - AS THE POWERFUL ANIMAL BOUNDS FORWARD.

STRETCHING OUT IN AN EFFORTLESS GALLOP, THE MUSTANG EASILY EVADES THE ATTACKING **BLACKFEET** AND HEADS FOR THE FOOT-HILLS.

FIRING AS HE GOES, **BLACK PANTHER** URGES HIS WILD STALLION ON TO GREATER SPEED - HIS ONE THOUGHT TO FIND HIS ENEMY - **SPOTTED EAGLE**..

USING THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE ON AN ATTACKING **SIOUX**, THE BRAVE SCOUT FORCES HIS WAY TO THE CHIEFS TENT,- INTENT ONLY ON THE RESCUE OF THE TWO CHILDREN.

IN A BLOODY BATTLE OF HATE, THE WARRIORS OF BOTH TRIBES LOCK IN DEADLY COMBAT, STRIVING FOR SCALPS. THEY USE SPEARS, KNIVES AND TOMAHAWKS.

SPOTTED EAGLE, OUTNUMBERED AND ON FOOT, FIGHTS LIKE A FIEND AND HURLS HIS TOMAHAWK AT A CHARGING BLACKFOOT.
YEE-YOW-WEE
BLACK PANTHER, SIGHTING HIS DEADLY ENEMY, SCREAMS A CHALLENGE AS HE FEROCIOUSLY CHARGES THE SIOUX CHIEFTAIN.
BUDDY – JUANITA, QUICK – WHERE ARE YOU?
GALLOPING MADLY THROUGH THE ROWS OF TEPEES, HANK SEEKS FRANTICALLY FOR THE CHILDREN – HIS PONY CLEARING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AS HE RIDES
TO THE HILLS, MY BRAVES – WE ARE OUTNUMBERED – I HAVE SPOKEN!
DODGING THE DEADLY SPEAR, BLACK PANTHER –BEARS DOWN UPON HIS WORTHY FOE.

AS BLACK PANTHER, YELLING SAVAGELY BEARS DOWN ON THE UNMOUNTED SIOUX CHIEFTAIN, HIS RIFLE CRACKS JUST AS SPOTTED EAGLE SPRINGS LIGHTLY ASIDE, EVADING THE WHISTLING BULLET.
A PASSING BLACKFOOT, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE FLEEING SIOUX, CHARGES BETWEEN THE COMBATING CHIEFTAINS. SPOTTED EAGLE LEAPS AT THE SURPRISED SAVAGE – RAMMING HIS BLOODY KNIFE DEEP INTO THE COPPER HIDE.
VAULTING ON THE BACK OF THE DEAD INDIAN'S HORSE, HE PLIES THE LASH VIGOROUSLY AND HEADS FOR THE HILLS.
WITH AN EXULTING YELL, BLACK PANTHER WHEELS HIS HORSE AND CHARGES FURIOUSLY AFTER THE FLEEING SPOTTED EAGLE..

THE PURSUING CHIEF'S HORSE GAINS ON THE FUGITIVES. RAISING HIS TOMAHAWK HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, BLACK PANTHER PREPARES TO STRIKE, WHEN SUDDENLY—

—HIS HORSE STEPS INTO A BADGER HOLE AND RIDER AND HORSE CRASH HEAVILY TO THE GROUND.

THE GAME BUT TIRED STEED CARRIES SPOTTED EAGLE TO THE SAFETY OF THE HILLS.

I HAVE RETURNED—MANITOU HAS WILLED IT!
IN A WILD, DARK SPOT, OVERSHADOWED BY TREES AND PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS, SPOTTED EAGLE FINDS HIS REMAINING WARRIORS.

HOW—MY CHILDREN—THE GREAT SPIRIT IS PLEASED—HE GUARDS HIS PEOPLES AND HIS LITTLE ONES WELL!
HE FINDS BUDDY AND JUANITA SAFE AND SOUND WITH THE REST OF THE TRIBE.

DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING INSTALMENT—
TANO
IN NEXT MONTH'S TRIUMPH

OUT OF THE WOODS

by René L. Kulbach

Announcing!

The Prize Winners

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD LETTER CONTEST

(Announced in the August Issue of TRIUMPH-ADVENTURE-COMICS)

FIRST PRIZE—

$15.00 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE, won by Leo. Janveau, 49 Freal St., Ottawa, Ont.

SECOND PRIZE—

$10.00 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE, won by Billie McCarthy, 17 Cottage St., Truro, N.S.

THIRD PRIZE—

$5.00 WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE, won by Harold Chetkow, 1245 Nelson Street, Vancouver, B.C.

The judges are pleased with the many fine letters we have received. They had difficulty in selecting the winners and are happy to announce the following contestants' letters have been given Honorable Mention:

Violet Mawhinney, 848 Liverpool Street, Point St. Charles, Montreal, Quebec; Florence Loughead, Treat Island, Kenora, Ontario; Billie Yeomans, 130 Broad Street, Saint John, N.B.; Israel Ribkoff, 3629 St. Dominic Street, Montreal, Quebec; George Reid, Box 96, Mirror, Alberta; James Bishop, 86 Galley Avenue, Toronto, Ontario; Ruth Brooks, 281 Grand Boulevard, Plage Laval, Quebec; Dave Hastings, 1 Jean Street, Toronto, Ontario; Mary Sollary, 5 Morland Road, Toronto; Michael Noal, 1866 St. Anne Street, Victoria, B.C.

The winners have been advised by TRIUMPH-ADVENTURE-COMICS of their success, and War Savings Certificates have been mailed so they can help to "stamp out" Hitler.

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